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'The "Messenger" is far superior to anything I know of for the Sunday School.'—W. Ruddy, Toronto, Ont.

Brother and Sister.

(Clara Thwaites, author of 'Sons for Labor and Leisure.')

The love of God, in softest guise made known,
Meets us in earliest hours amid our own,
Enwraps our infancy in homeliest airs
Of human tenderness and human cares.

For softest shelter from life's first alarm
He gives the cradle of a mother's arms,

And for a heaven serene He bids arise
The tender radiance of a mother's eyes.

Home richer grows—for ever-brooding love
Bends with a further treasure from above;
The household widens, and rejoicing hearts
Fill up life's harmony with tuneful parts.

The blithest sympathy, the airiest grace,
Shines in the laughter of a sister's face,
And each to other brings a keener joy,
The winsome maiden and the dauntless boy.

The sister leans, without a doubt or fear,
On gentle valor, true to her and near,
Possessing alway, even when apart,
The full allegiance of a brother's heart.

And here are sweet compassions, pure and deep,
The heart that sorrows and the eyes that weep;
Quick to rejoice is she, and full of mirth,
A very sunbeam, sent to bless the earth.

Her faith is bold to soar, wit lacks not wings,
Here are swift guesses at divinest things;
Love learns so much that wisdom cannot scan,
And so the maiden leads the thoughtful man.

Ah! good to gird faith's holy armour on
Ere yet the sunny days of youth be gone!
How can he doubt what Heaven's love may mete,
Since earth's compassions are so true, so sweet?

And thus by nether-springs of human love
Soft hints are given of our wealth above;
But what the measure of that overflow
What tongue can tell, what heart may ever know?

A Lesson in Tolerance.

(Graham Hood, in the 'Globe and Commercial Advertiser.')

A great many persons imagine that they are filled with the spirit of tolerance when, as a matter of fact, they have only the vaguest kind of an idea what this term really means. If you should accuse them of being intolerant they would object to the charge most seriously, and would undoubtedly believe that their expressions of indignation were eminently righteous. Yet, if you should live in close touch with some of these persons even for a very short period of time you would discover that the spirit of true tolerance and they had little in common.

The reason for this is not that such people are deliberately hypocritical. They do not mean to pretend to something that they are not. They believe that they are really tolerant, and yet this belief is based upon a sorry misinterpretation of the word. Because they have read history or have heard about the 'intolerance' that existed a few centuries ago, when people killed one another because they disagreed about the meaning of certain verses in the Bible, they conclude that 'intolerance' means fanaticism, and they feel that if they are duly charitable regarding other persons' religious opinions they are obeying the law to the last letter.

Unfortunately, however, the 'intolerance' to which they refer represents but one phase of the question. To be intolerant in regard to questions of religious belief is bad enough, but it is not the worst kind of intolerance that we can exhibit. Far worse than any religious fanaticism is the intolerance that we show in our treatment of others every day of our lives.

I know many people who are eminently charitable about the big problems of life but who are the incarnate spirit of intolerance when the smaller problems come under discussion. They would not dream of criticizing a friend or neighbor because of some differences of religious belief. This liberality may even extend to the field of political affairs and to other problems of importance, but let the little details of life conflict with some of their preconceived opinions, however, and the matter is treated quite differently.

In other words, true charity, or the charity that is truly kind, does not stop at the little things of life. It is exhibited in all the big problems, of course, but it must go further than that. It must extend to the smallest acts of the daily life—to the words and deeds to which we ordinarily pay the least attention.

It is doubtful if any of us really desire to be unkind to other people any more than we desire that our fellow men shall deal unkindly or unjustly with us; yet, in spite of this innate feeling of kindliness toward others, many of us seem utterly unable to live up to this ideal. We may not think that we are unkind or uncharitable, but how often do we miss an opportunity to get in a sly dig at some friend whose words or actions fail to meet our approval in every particular? We don't mean to injure that individual—we wouldn't harm him for the world—but give us a chance to call attention to some of his shortcomings and how quickly we take advantage of it! We may claim that our criticisms are meant most kindly. We may even pretend that the acts we are criticizing have been the cause of anxiety to us, but we know—if we are really honest—that it is no such unselfish motive that is at the bottom of our attitude toward these persons who have displeased us.

It is somewhat surprising that there should be so much intolerance in this world when common sense should teach us that it is quite impossible for several individuals to hold precisely the same opinion upon any subject of importance. Although all men and women are composed of the same materials no two of us look exactly alike, and it is quite in harmony with this fact that no two of us should think precisely the same thoughts. There is a resemblance in features, and there is a correspondence in modes of thought, but to criticize another unkindly because he does not act or think just as we feel that we should act and think under similar circumstances is just as unreasonable as it would be to complain of him because he happens to have black hair and a snub nose when our own hair is red and our nose is cast in the Roman mould.

Submission.

(By Ophelia G. Burroughs, in the 'American Messenger.')

'To bend is better than to bear.'—Gold Dust.

Not one burden, not one care,
Does thy Lord ask thee to bear,
Only patiently to bend
'Neath the Cross that He may send.

Every cup of joy or woe,
Every friend and every foe,
Take as from His own dear hand;
Do not ask to understand.

Words of kindness or of ill
Reach thee only through His will;
All thou hast to do is rest
In that will—for thee the best.

Deeds of malice, anger stern,
Into blessings He can turn:
Each must end in victory
If they pass through Him to thee.

Humbly then from day to day
Walk with Christ the narrow way:
Nothing that He sends refuse—
Well content to have him choose.

Small Things Test Men.

In small things lie the crucibles and the touch-stones. Any hypocrite will come to the Sabbath worship, but it is not every hypocrite that will attempt prayer-meetings, or read the Bible in secret, or speak privately of the things of God to the saints. You shall find the same true in other things. A man who is no Christian very likely will not tell you a downright lie by saying that black is white, but he will not hesitate to declare that whitey brown is white—he will go that length. Now, the Christian will not go half way to a falsehood, nay, he scorns to go an inch on that road. He will no more cheat you out of two pence farthing than he would out of two thousand pounds. He will not rob you of an ell. Even a Pharisee will ask Christ to his house to sit at meat with him—he is willing to entertain a great religious leader at his table; but it is not every one who will stoop down and unloose his shoes: for that very Pharisee who made the feast never brought him water to wash his feet, nor gave him the kiss of welcome; he proved the insincerity of his hospitality by forgetting the little things. I will be bound to say Martha and Mary never forgot to unloose his shoe-latchets, and that Lazarus never failed to see that his feet were washed. Look, then, I pray you, as Christians, to the service of Christ in the obscure things, in the things that are not recognized by men, in the matters that have no honor attached to them, for by this shall your love be tried.—Spurgeon.

He Kept No Sunday.

(By Bishop Thompson.)

You may safely write this epitaph over hundreds of graves that will be dug this year for strong men cut down in their prime; for ambitious, prosperous, influential men, cut off in the midst of the race for life. The doctors will say: 'Softening of the brain,' 'paralysis,' 'heart disease,' 'nervous exhaustion'—there are a dozen medical names for the cause of untimely death, but sifted to the bottom the real fact that the men killed themselves by breaking Sunday.

Business men, statesmen, lawyers, students, are all getting in the habit of going out at a moment's warning, dropping dead as they stand, in a way that has never been known before. The probabilities that any prominent man, in any walk of life, will die in his bed at a ripe old age in these days are daily becoming rarer.

Now and then there is enough of toughness in the constitutional fibre, enough of steel and whalebone derived from hard-working parents, the children of the soil, to carry a man through this sort of life to a reasonable old age. But these are exceptional cases, and they are daily growing more exceptional. The children of these parents, whose nerves are raw to the touch and whose brains are in a restless buzz all their lives, are showing themselves true to the inevitable natural law.

It was to meet just this sort of blunder in human life that the Lord gave His seventh day of rest—because it is absolutely essential to the well-being of man that he should rest the tired hands and calm the fevered brain.

Unspotted From the World.

A recent writer tells of going with a party down in a coal mine. On one side of the gangway grew a plant which was perfectly white. The visitors were astonished that there where the coal dust was constantly flying, this little plant should be so pure and white. A miner threw a handful of black dust upon the plant but not a particle adhered. The visitors themselves repeated the experiment, but the coal dust would not cling. There was a wonderful enamel on the white petals, to which no speck or stain could fasten.

This little plant, with its pure whiteness amid the dust and drippings of a coal mine, is a picture of what every Christian life should be. In this world of evil, where so many unholy influences breathe about us, it is the Christians' mission to be pure, to keep themselves 'unspotted from the world.'—Selected.

Work in Labrador.

ONE OF THE RESCUERS TELLS THE STORY OF DR. GRENFELL'S PERIL.

(The following story by one of the rescuers [George Andrews] was recorded as told by him in the vernacular by Miss Jessie Luther, one of the helpers on the field.)

'It was wonderfu' bad weather that Monday mornin'. The doctor was to Locks' Cove. (None o' we thought o' 'is startin' out.) I don't think th' doctor hisself thought o' goin' at first an' then 'e sent th' two men on ahead for to meet un at th' tilt an' said like's 'e was goin' after all.

Us told un Hare Bay wasn' fit t' cross an' c'd 'ave t' go 'round, an' 'e said 'e would sure an' then after 'e went us didn' think no more about 't.

'Twas evenin' when us knew 'e was on th' ice. George Davis seen un first. 'E went to th' cliff to look for seal; it was after sunset an' half dark, but 'e thought 'e saw somethin' on th' ice an' 'e ran for George Read an' 'e got 'is spy-glass an' made out a man an' dogs on a pan an' knewed it war th' doctor.

It was too dark fur we to go t' un, but us never slept at all, all night. I couldn't sleep. Us watched th' wind an' knew if i' didn't blow too hard us could get un—though 'e war there, three mile off.

So us waited fur th' daylight. No one said who was goin' in th' boat. Un 'oud say, 'Is you goin?' Un another, 'Is you?' I didn' say, but I knowed what I'd do.

As soon as 'twas light us went to' th' cliff wi' th' spy-glass to see if us could see un, but thar warn't nothin' in sight. Us know by the wind whar t' look for un, an' us launched th' boat. George Read an' 'is two sons, an' George Davis what seen un first, an' me, was th' crew. George Read was skipperman an' th' rest wos just youngsters. Th' sun was warm;—you mind 'twas a fine mornin',—an' us started in our shirts an' braces, fur we knowed thar's be hard work to do.

I knowed thar was a chance o' not comin' back at all, but it didn' make no difference. I knowed I'd as good a chance as any an' twa' for th' doctor, an' 'is life's worth many —an' somehow, I couldn' let a man go out like that wi'out tryin' fur un—an' I think us all felt th' same.

Us 'ad a good strong boat an' four oars, an' took a hot kettle of tea an' food for a week, fur us thought u'd 'ave t' go far an' p'rhaps lose th' boat an' 'ave t' walk ashore on th' ice.

I didn' 'ope t' find the doctor alive an' kept lookin' for a sign o' un on th' pans.

'Twar no' easy gettin' to th' pans wi' a big sea runnin'. Th' big pans 'ud sometimes heave together an' near crush th' boat, an' sometimes us 'ad t' get out an' haul her over th' ice t' th' water again.

Then us come t' th' slob ice where th' thick an' that was worse 'n any.

Us saw th' doctor about twenty minutes afore us got t' un. 'E was wavin' 'is flag an' I seen 'un.

'E was on a pan no bigger 'n this pan 'ad ground together an' 'twas all floe an' I dunno what ever kep' un fro' goin' abroad, for 'twasn't ice, 'twas packed snow. Th' pan was away from even th' slob, floatin' by hisself, an' th' open water all roun' an' 'twas jist across from Goose Cove an' outside o' that there'd been no hope.

I think th' way th' pan held together was on account o' th' dogs' bodies meltin' 't an' 't froze hard durin' th' night. 'E was cold with th' water an' th' sea washin' over un all th' time.

When us got near un 't didn' seem like 'twas th' doctor. 'E looked so old an' is face such a green color. 'E was very solemn-like when us took un' an th' dogs on th' boat.

No un felt like sayin' much, an' 'e 'ardly said nothin' till us gave un some tea an' loaf, an' then 'e talked. I s'pose 'e was sort o' faint-like.

The first thing 'e said was, how wonderfu' sorry 'e was o' gettin' into such a mess an' givin' we th' trouble o' comin' out for un.

Us tol' un not to think o' that; us was glad to do 't for un, an' 'e 'd a done it for any one of we many times over if 'e 'ad th' chance, an' so 'e would. An' then 'e fretted about th' b'y 'e was goin' to see, 't bein' too late to reach un, an' us tol' un 'is life was worth more'n th' b'y, for 'e could save others an' th' b'y couldn'. But 'e still fretted.

'E 'ad ripped th' dogs' harness an' stuffed th' oakum in th' legs o' 'is pants to keep un warm. 'E showed 't to me. An' 'e cut off th' tops o' 'is boots to keep th' draught from 'is back. 'E said 'e d'roled off once or twice, but th' night seemed wonderfu' long.

Us took un off th' pan at about half-past seven an' 'ad a 'ard fight gettin' in, th' sea still runnin' 'igh.

'E said 'e was proud to see us comin' for un, an' so 'e might, for 't grew wonderfu' cold in th' day an' th' sea so 'igh th' pan couldn' a lived outside.

'E wouldn' stop when us got ashore, but must go right on, an' when 'e 'ad dry clothes an' was a bit warm, us sent un to St. Anthony with a team.

Th' next night an' for nights after, I couldn' sleep. I'd keep seein' that man standin' on th' ice, an' I'd be sorter half awake like sayin', "But not th' doctor. Sure not th' doctor."'.

There was silence for a few moments and George Andrews looked out across the blue harbor to the sea:

''E sent us watches an' spy-glasses,' said he, 'an' pictures o' hieself that one o' you took o' me, made large, an' in a frame. George Read an' me 'ad th' watches an' th' others 'ad th' spy-glasses.

'Ere's th' watch. It 'as, 'In memory o' April 21st' in 't, but us don't need th' things t' make we remember 't, tho' we're wonderfu' glad t' 'ave 'em from th' doctor.'—'Among the Deep Sea Fishers.'

Acknowledgments.

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W. T. J., Barry's Bay, Ont.. .. .. ..,$1.00
Union Sunday School, Centreville, N.S., per Truman H. Eaton.. .. ..$3.50
A Few Friends, Newdale, Man.. .. .. ..$8.00

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1909.

The Apostles Imprisoned.

Acts v., 17-32. Memory verses 19, 20. Read Acts v., 17-42.

Golden Text.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for their's is the kingdom of heaven. Matt. v., 10.

Home Readings.

Monday, February 8.—Acts v., 17-28.
Tuesday, February 9.—Acts v., 29-42.
Wednesday, February 10.—Jer. xxvi., 8-16.
Thursday, February 11.—Matt. x., 16-22.
Friday, February 12.—I. Pet. iii., 8-18.
Saturday, February 13.—I. Pet. iv., 12-19.
Sunday, February 14.—Matt. v., 1-16.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Can anyone tell me what happened to Peter and John after they had healed the poor lame man in the Temple? Yes, they were put in prison and tried by the judges just as though they had done something wicked. When the judges let them go they told Peter and John not to preach about Jesus any more. Did Peter and John promise not to, and did they go home and say, 'Well, we got off safely then, we had better keep very quiet now or they may catch us again'? No, indeed. Peter and John told their judges plainly that God had given them a message and they would have to obey God. Then they went home and prayed that God would make them brave and help them to preach and teach about Jesus more. So the Christian Church grew stronger and stronger until all the people in Jerusalem heard about Christ, and a great many accepted Him as their Saviour. Then the Jewish authorities got angry again and sent soldiers who arrested not only Peter and John, but all the apostles who had been Christ's disciples, and they were all put in prison. Our lesson to-day is to see what happened after that.

FOR THE SENIORS.

The deliverance of the apostles from prison by God's hand during the night has made some question why God does not use some such method to-day when His servants are in danger or difficulty. Such deliverance, however, was by no means usual even at this early stage of His church, for at the previous trial (Acts iv.,) the two apostles had to suffor the night's imprisonment, later James had to die when Peter was again delivered (Acts xii.,) and although Paul escaped from his first imprisonment at Rome, it was only after two years of endurance (Acts xxviii., 16, 30) and the only escape from his second imprisonment was by death. This deliverance is not an example of what may be expected by God's servants, but was only a sign to attract the attention of the people. For one such deliverance the early Christians suffered by the thousands in imprisonments where there was no miraculous intervention of God. God was not the less thoughtful for the ones that suffered than for the ones He released. Had God miraculously delivered John Bunyan from prison the world would have been the poorer by 'Pilgrim's Progress.' Nor did the apostles' deliverance mean freedom, for they were none the less taken before the Sanhedrin and called to suffer for Christ's sake (verse 40). These were the first strokes of centuries of persecution of the Christian Church. The apostles were absolutely fearless, for Peter's intrepid speech (verses 29-32) spoke for them all. It is interesting to notice how differently the one truth will affect different hearers. The rulers who heard this message at this time were 'cut to the heart' and 'took counsel to slay them,' while the common people hearing almost the same message on the Day of Pentecost (Acts ii., 36) were 'pricked in the heart' and cried 'men and brethren, what shall we do?' The message was a two-edged sword that found its way home in each case, but how differently was it received. The last two verses in this chapter should have our serious thought at this day. The Christian no longer is liable to imprisonment for preaching God's word, but is there no penalty for a true holding forth of the gospel light in our lives? When the sneer comes from a companion for some declaration of a principle on your part as a Christian, do you hold your head higher as one who is proud of his cause, or does the hot flush of shame come that you have been found under the banner of your Master?

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Verse 17. 'An angel.' Upon one occasion John Bunyan having been permitted to go out and visit his family, with whom he intended to spend the night, felt so uneasy that at a very late hour he went back to prison. Information was given to a neighboring clerical magistrate that there was strong suspicion of Bunyan having broken prison. At midnight he sent a messenger to the jail, that he might be a witness against the merciful keeper. On his arrival he demanded, 'Are all the prisoners safe?' The answer was 'Yes.' 'Is John Bunyan safe?' 'Yes.' 'Let me see him.' He was called up and confronted with the astonished witness, and all passed off well. His kind-hearted jailer said to him, 'You may go out when you will, for you know much better when to return than I can tell you.' We do not call that a miracle, yet who shall dare to say that an angel had nothing to do with it?—William M. Taylor, in Peter, the Apostle.

Verse 21. 'They entered into the temple about daybreak and taught.' The people of Palestine have always begun the day much earlier than is customary with us. During most of the year the heat is so great that work is begun very early, and a long rest is taken when the sun is highest in the heavens. The temple gates were opened early for those who came to worship and those who came to trade (John ii., 14). 'To-day worship is often carried on in the synagogues at Jerusalem before the sun appears above Mount Olivet.'

Verse 29. When Daniel Webster was asked what was the greatest thought that had ever come to him, he replied, 'The thought of my personal responsibility before God.' The supremacy of divine authority and the responsibility resting upon us of obeying, is, indeed, the greatest of thoughts.

God's angels open locks as easily as His sunbeams open rosebuds.—H. W. Warren.

It is a great deal easier to do what God gives us to do, than to face the responsibility of not doing it.—J. R. Miller.

I would rather obey than work miracles.—Martin Luther.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

Among young people there are many forms of petty persecution which ought to be carefully avoided, sneers and ridicule for anyone who is trying to do better, who is strict in morals, who refrains from some popular amusement, who refuses to touch intoxicating drink, who is trying to live a religious life. One such case is related in 'Tom Brown at Rugby.' Hazing is often a form of persecution, especially when inflicted on the weak or inexperienced.

'I believe that angels wait on us as truly as ever they waited on Abraham, or Jacob, or Moses, or Elijah, or Jesus Himself. The medieval painters were fond of filling the background of the Infancy with countless angels; the representation, though literally false, was morally true. I believe that angels are encamping around them that fear the Lord.'—George Dana Boardman, D.D.

Verse 29. The Words of Socrates, when he was pleading before his judges who condemned him to death, bear a striking resemblance to this bold utterance: 'Atheniane, I will obey God rather than you; and if you would let me go, and give me my life on condition that I should no more teach my fellow-citizens, sooner than agree to your proposal I would prefer to die a thousand times.'—See Livy xxxix., 37.

'And I honor the man who is willing to sink
Half his present repute for the freedom to think.
And when he has thought, be his cause strong or weak,
Will risk t'other half for the freedom to speak.'

—James Russell Lowell.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, February 14.—Topic—Pleasing God or pleasing men, which? Acts iv., 19, 20.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, February 8.—My testing. Job i., 12; I. Pet. i., 6, 7.

Tuesday, February 9.—My adversary. Job ii., 1-7; I. Pet. v., 8-11.

Wednesday, February 10.—My perplexity. Job xxi., 7-13; Ps. lxxiii., 13-19.

Thursday, February 11.—My critics. Job xix., 1-8; I. Pet. iv., 12-19.

Friday, February 12.—My humility. Job xl., 3-5; Matt. v., 5.

Saturday, February 13.—My redeemer. Job xix., 21-29.

Sunday, February 14.—Topic—Life lessons for me from the book of Job. Job xlii., 1-6, 10-17. (Consecration meeting.)

Lift up the Cross.

(By the Rev. Albert Bryant.)

A Sunday-school superintendent was watching the children while they were singing a motion-song. The chorus was 'Lift up the Cross! and the children were to suit the action to the words by holding up little crosses. They raised their hands scarcely as high as their chins and sang the inspiring chorus in a dull, spiritless way.

'The cross,' said the superintendent, 'stands for the love of Jesus. You lift it up to show how much you love him and to show others his love. How much do you love him?'

'A great deal,' answered a little girl.

'How can you show that with the crosses?'

'By lifting them high up,' said the boys.

'Then do it when you sing the words.'

The class sang the chorus again, raising the crosses over their heads and singing with ringing voices while their eyes sparkled:

'Lift up the Cross! Lift up the Cross!'

Those children were listless and awkward because they did not think that the motions they were making had any importance to anybody. As soon as they felt that they were really serving anybody they awoke to earnest action. There is nothing that will put life into dull meetings, dead societies, cold hearts, but the love of Jesus. If there is any reason to feel that there is such dulness or chill around you, go to Jesus in prayer, and stay there till your hearts are glowing, and you feel anew how sweet it is to serve him.—Selected.

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How He Fell.

(S. R. Jarvis, in the 'Temperance Leader.')

I would paint a lovely picture
  Of the boy that once I knew,
As in fancy I can see him,
  Eyes as clear as heaven's own blue;
Rounded limbs, so strong and sturdy,
  Merry face, all smiles and glee,
Rosy lips that press'd fond kisses
  On his mother lovingly.

I would paint him when at evening
  He repeated boyhood's prayer—
Asked his mother's God to bless him,
  And to keep him pure and fair;
Seemed it then that noble manhood,
  Pure and free from sin's alloy,
Waited for the lovely laddie,
  Who was mother's pride and joy.

I would paint another picture
  Of the boy that now I know—
Blood-shot eyes and limbs that totter,
  In the gutter lying low.
Lips that utter oaths and curses,
  Long ago have ceased to pray,
Yet the boy so sadly fallen
  Is but just eighteen to-day.

What has spoiled that lovely boyhood,
  What foul thing has laid him low?
Crushed with grief, his once loved mother
  Now her eyes with tears o'erflow.
I will tell you, boys of England,
  And I pray you stop and think,
This sad change has come through tasting
  Of that awful curse, Strong Drink.

He, to please some young companions,
  Just began with one small glass,
Dreaming not of pain and danger,
  Yet this change has come to pass.
Boys of England, would you follow,
  Do you want like him to be?
Nay, I hear your answer ringing,
  'We won't touch it, no, not we!'

Rev. James Chalmers and the Drink Curse.

Reading the extremely interesting life of the martyred missionary, James Chalmers, by Richard Lovett, M.A., I came upon some passages which all Temperance workers must be thankful to read, as evincing how ardently he espoused, in his work among the heathen, the work they are called upon to do at home. I quote first from the autobiographical pages, descriptive of his work in Raratonga, where they (himself and wife) landed in 1867.

'In that paradise of the Pacific there was one fearful curse, strong drink, and that we tried to combat. I turned policeman and used to find out where the meetings for drink were held. My experience is that native chiefs and policemen are not fit in themselves to carry out laws. They put on a spurt for a fortnight and then things drift back and are left to become worse than before. During Makea Abela's time we succeeded in putting it down to a considerable extent, but he was a great hindrance, being himself much addicted to drink, both foreign and native. Thinking that if they were allowed to drink their orange beer openly at their meals, a stop would be put to the large gatherings where all got drunk, and the orgies can only be described as beastly, I proposed this to Makea. But he decidedly opposed it, saying it would never do, as there would be no rejoicing then at all. He would not give his consent to the plan. Many of the mataiapo (independent land-holders) were on our side, but without Makea and the other chiefs they were useless. I remember once getting some of the inferior chiefs together and going on a deputation to Makea and Mauarangi, who was chief justice and had lapsed from church membership and from his social position through drink. They both received us well and listened to all we had to say. One of the mataiapos spoke very seriously to Abela, and Mauarangi pulled him up by asking in a bit of a song, "Whence is Makea?" and the old mataiapo replied in song, "From heaven he came," and then Mauarangi wound up with, "Who then can speak?" and we returned, forced thus to remember that Makea was beyond and above all law and all human beings. In the light of an incident like this one could understand how and why in heathen times any one who crossed even his shadow was instantly clubbed to death. Abela died very suddenly and was mourned greatly, for though he was a great drinker he was exceedingly kind to all, and especially to his missionary. . . . . After Makea's death Takau, wife of Ugamaru Atiu, was sent for and they both were elected to the position of head chief. She is an excellent woman and has done much good, but has not succeeded in putting down the drink. All natives can be bought by the white man, and so they wink at grog being landed. A silk dress given as a present, a few bottles of grog or beer, or wine as medicine, given in the right quarter, well known to all traders, and the island may be swamped with drink. If the thiefs wished to stop the curse they could have done so long ago, for the law passed in conjunction with the British Resident was that no native could get drink unless he had a permit signed by Makea or one of the chiefs. But this law led to the selling of permits, and thus the drink traffic became legalized, and the state of the island worse than ever.'

Again, from a long letter sent home after he had fairly settled down to work—'That' curse of all curses has come to this island—strong drink. There is a law against its being brought ashore, but unprincipled foreigners manage to smuggle it and sell it to the natives. The effects are fearful and heartrending. I believe were thinking men at home to see the effects of drink among these natives, they would never taste another drop, but would rise up to a man, and cry shame upon those men who not only break the laws of a weak people, but also give them in exchange for their labor, money, or coffee, a poison which is destroying them fast. The churches have suffered fearfully from it. Our young men have given themselves up to intoxication and one after another falls a victim. All the people are scrofulous so that fire water takes effect sooner upon them.'

The letter then gives an interesting account of a meeting of chiefs called in regard to the license laws, wherein it was suggested that drink should be allowed to be landed under a heavy tax. Mr. Chalmers prayed to God and felt it was his duty to oppose this abolition or repeal of the old law. 'On the morning of the meeting,' he continues, 'a few of the old men who hold a strong position in the land, and who knew what Raratonga was in its heathen state, came to me, and asked what I meant to do. They advised me to oppose the abolition. This strengthened me. We prayed to God and asked His direction. I went to the meeting. There sat all the chiefs and great men with a number of foreigners. I felt that a trial of strength was at hand. All were assembled in the full expectation of the promulgation of a new law, and the foreigners were all ready to take out licenses. The parliament was opened by prayer. The chief judge of the Avarua district laid the matter before the neighboring chiefs, and only asked them for their assent. He sat down, and as he was addicted to drink himself he was pleased with the thought that he could now drink as much as he chose. At that time I myself did not know he was given to the evil habit. Next, one of the chiefs—a known and confirmed drunkard—was asked to speak. He declined, saying, "What does my missionary say?" I tried to avoid speaking at this stage, and wished that some other chiefs should speak first, but they all pressed me to give my views. At length I said that I had earnestly prayed to God that the law might not be changed so long as I was in Raratonga. I added a few words to this, but my speech was short.

'It was sufficient, nothing more was said by the chiefs, but the chief judge of Avarua was enraged. The missionary holds great power in cases of this kind. May he hold it for Christ. I need not say that my countrymen love me none the more for the action I felt bound to take.

This was but the beginning of still more strenuous action to banish the curse, but space forbids the tempting quotation. I must confine myself to one more vivid extract.

'Many people seem to think there can be no harm in orange beer, and that the natives might be allowed to drink it. I read lately in a newspaper that the attempt to put it down was only a puritanical whim of the missionary's. If these flying visitors had seen one half of what I have seen of the evils arising from so-called harmless orange beer, they would soon bless the missionary and sober chiefs for trying to stop its use, unless they be visitors who delight in hellish scenes and think wife-beating a pleasant pastime. I have seen the natives in the bush in large and small companies in all stages of intoxication. I have seen them in the thirsty stage, the talkative stage, the singing stage, the loud talking, quarrelling stage, the native fighting stage, and the dead drunk stage. I have seen them fighting among themselves, I have seen them after returning to their homes, beating, kicking, and cutting their wives, and pitching their children out of doors. I have known them to set their houses on fire, or to tear up every stitch of clothing belonging to their wives and children. I have heard cursing and swearing in English (a native when drunk talks and swears in English more than native) in a manner that would make the hardened English swearer blush. God forbid that such days should ever again be known on Raratonga. I have attended many young men whose strength had gone from the free use of "harmless orange beer," and have buried not a few whose death was caused by this drink.'

How the plague of drink echoes and re-echoes round this poor old world of ours. 'O Lord, how long?'

The Last List For This Season.

This week will be the very last offer of the Pansy Blossom Clubs, and the last list of workers we shall give. If you are working up a club act quickly and send in the names AT ONCE. Remember! You send us five NEW three months' subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at ten cents each for addresses in Canada (outside Montreal and suburbs), or for any of the countries on page 15); we send the papers as stated, giving you a pretty enamelled Maple Leaf Brooch for your trouble, and sending also six handsome colored pictures (9 in. x 14 in), entitled 'Pansy Blossoms.' You give your new subscribers each one picture for framing and keep one for yourself. These pictures have pleased many hundreds of 'Messenger' readers. They will surely please you and your friends. Don't miss the chance.

Send the money carefully (by money order registered letter, or stamps) addressed to John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, and mark both in the corner of your envelope and at the top of your letter inside, the words 'Pansy Blossom Club.'

The following have sent lists this week:—

Margaret Hamilton, K. E. Pelly, Ruth T. Macdonald, Everett A. Bates, Hazel Neil.

If you have a club partly ready, finish it up quickly and send it in, for we will honor it, but we want it to be distinctly understood that the club is now 'closed for the season.' It has been a source of great pleasure to our readers, and we hope that very many of those who have tried the 'Messenger' for the three months will remain permanent readers and subscribers.

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Anyone may become a member of the R. L. of K. by copying out the above pledge, signing and sending it to the editor.

PLEDGE CARDS.—For those who wish to have them, we issue neat and durable pledge cards, 4 inches by six, printed in purple and white and ready to hang on the wall. Single cards, five cents and two cents for postage; six cards to one address, twenty-five cents and two cents for postage.

BADGES.—We also issue for sale with the pledge card, if desired, a neat brooch pin of fine hard enamel, in the above design of a bow in our own league colors, purple and white. Single badge with pledge card, and postage included, twenty-five cents; five badges with pledge cards and postage included to one address, one dollar.

Mark all orders on both envelope and letter with the three letters R.L.K.

Don't forget that when you send in your names as members of the league we want you to copy out the pledge and then sign your name to that. You know how in school if you have made a mistake in spelling, your teacher will tell you to write it out correctly ten times, because the writing it out helps you to remember. It's just that way with the pledge. We want you to write it out when you join the league because writing it out will help you to remember it better.

The names of the new members of our league for this week are Miles K. Knox, U. H., N.B.; Helen C. Gould, W. J., N.S.; Annie L. Young and W. Dorothy Young, A. M., Ont.; Delbert W. Zufelt, B., Ont.; F. Marion Jardine, C., Ont.; Wilson B. Bowyer, S., Ont.; Anna M. Johnson, M., N.B.; Artemas R. Willard, L. R., P.Que.; Myrtle Reba Bennett, Kenneth D. Wood and Armine E. Wood, W., P.Que.; and Kenneth Crowe, G., Ont.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Flag.' Lloyd Minnie (aged 10), G., Ont.
2. 'Elephant.' Jean Woodworth (aged 11), D. B., N.B.
3. 'A Flag.' Dorothy Young (aged 8), A. M., Ont.
4. 'Flowers.' Mildred Taylor, W. O., N. Mex.
5. 'Lady's Head.' Meryl Rutherford (aged 13), O., Alta.
6. 'Our Union Jack.' Roland Graham (aged 10), B., N.S.
7. 'A Cube.' Alma Price (aged 6), G., Man.
8. 'A Mug.' B. A. MacAlpine (aged 9), G. A., Ont.
9. 'School house.' A. C. J., Thedford, Ont.
10. 'A Cowboy.' Bertie Brown (aged 8), M. G., Jamaica.
11. 'A Milk Cooler.' Norman McLennan, A., Ont.
12. 'Flower.' R. Osborne Tweed (aged 6), V. K. H. Ont.
13. 'Lillies.' Muriel Henderson, P., Ont.
14. The "Harmonic".' R. Mc., Masonville, Ont.
15. 'House.' Laura Mason, U. H., N.B.
16. 'House.' Charles Ray Rumbelaw, M., Ont.
17. 'Hen.' Arthur Meldrum, O., Ont.
18. 'Broom.' Kenneth McLennan (aged 5), A., Ont.

In our league now we have a pledge and a badge, but perhaps it would be nice also to have a motto. That we can have for the choosing and there was a fine strong motto that came to mind while thinking the matter over. You know it is the 'stylish' thing to have a Latin motto, and so, of course, we would like a Latin motto for the League. Just four words, but oh, what a big meaning in them—'Vincit, qui se vincit.' Does any one know what that means? Take a week to think it over and find out why that would be a good motto for us. Or, perhaps some one could suggest a better motto.

Hattie Purdy, Lawrence E. Purdy and Muriel Purdy, C., Sask., Margaret McLaurin, V. H., Ont., Nellie and Annie J. Sobey, P., N.S., Dora I. Wilcox, N., N.B., and Nora Caldwell, D., Ill., are the new members to be welcomed this week.

K., Man.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Northern Messenger' and I like it very much. When the paper comes in I always turn to the correspondence first. I am sending the names of three girls besides myself to join the Royal League of Kindness. I have only written once before, but that was a long time ago. We live on a farm four miles from town, and a quarter of a mile from the school. I have two sisters and one brother. One of my sisters is away in Ontario going to college. The other one is at home, but I am the only one going to school. I go to school every day and like it very much.

RETA M. ANDERSON.

E., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I am eleven years old and am in the Senior Third Form. I have lived in E., Ont., for nearly a year and I like it very well. I am the youngest in our family and have three brothers and one sister. My father keeps a hardware store.

B. A.

K., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very much. My sister takes it. We have been in this country six years and I like it very much. We are five brothers and four sisters, and two are dead. I was born in Sweden. I go to Sunday School every Sunday, and to public school, too. I am in the Third Reader and I like to go to school. I think I will have to close my letter for this time. Regards to every one who reads the 'Messenger.'

HILDAR JOHANSON.

OTHER LETTERS.

Effie Wertzell, B. M., N.S., says 'My mamma has been very sick, but she is getting better now. My grandpa fell and cut his head.' We hope both patients are quite well now, Effie.

Leslie J. Craizie, S. S., Que., has 'One brother, four sisters, two nephews and four nieces. My papa died before I was born.'

Lucy Cressey, L. M., P.Que., says 'I came from England two years ago with my father and mother and sister Eva.'

Gladys Dean, S. C., Que., goes to Sunday School. 'It has closed now, for the winter months, but we have taken up the Home Department and study our lessons at home.'

M. Alberta Curran, G. H., Que., says 'We live on a hill twelve hundred feet high.' The riddle you send, Alberta, has been asked before.

Maggie Evelyn Mason, U. C., N.B., asks: 'What kind of a domestic animal is it that all farmers keep. They take two to market, leave two behind, and yet have two left after all their produce is sold?' Your poem, Maggie, will be kept for some later time.

Harry Joseph Sparling, E. C., Man., says he is a boy for the house, 'so I don't know much about the stable.' Well, Harry, as you are only ten now, you have plenty of time to learn.

Margaret Campbell, M. C., P.E.I., likes 'skating and sliding on a sled.' Of course you do, Margaret.

Rae Cowan, Toronto, isn't so lucky as Margaret, for he writes: 'We have just had a big fall of snow here, but being ill I have not been out to have the fun of making snowmen and other things.' Better luck next time, Rae.

Nellie and Janie Sobey, P., N.S., write together. Janie says 'We had a good time Christmas day. We had a tree and I got a good many presents.' Nellie has 'a kitten and two dollies and a chicken.'

Laura Tays, C. B., N.S., and Leila M. Brown, E., N.S., are having good times this winter. Laura says 'there is a pond right by our house and it is great skating.' Leila says 'I go to school and have great fun skating on a large pond near by.'

Basil Colpitts, F. G., N.B., likes 'to draw and paint very much.' We are always glad to get your drawings, Basil.

Carmen Ella Etheridge, N. E. M., N.S., is thinking of summer pleasures: 'I live on a farm near the river. Last summer we went fishing and fried trout and had our lunch and enjoyed it.'

We also received short letters from Nora Caldwell, D., Ill., one of our new R. L. of K. members, Barbara Ann MacAlpine, G. A., Ont., Laura Mason, U. H., N.B., Effie Hern, N., Ont., Samuel W. Carruthers, J., Sask., and Florence E. Campbell, A., Ont.

A CARNIVAL NUMBER

The 'Canadian Pictorial' has been appointed the exclusive Official Souvenir of the Montreal Carnival to be held from Feb. 10 to Feb. 20, 1909. Consequently, the February Number will be the special enlarged Carnival Number, and will be crowded with beautiful pictures of Canadian winter sports, etc. It will be a number that of all others people will want to send away to show to their friends in less favored countries, what a glorious winter climate we in Canada enjoy.

Every true boy, Canadian boy, who loves the sparkling snow, the coasting, skating, hockey, and all the joys of winter, will be enthusiastic over this February Number, and will want their friends to get it.

And remember, boys!—there's money in it for you! If you will buy from us to resell to your friends we allow you a generous margin of profit; or you can send us the whole price, and we will give you fine premiums.

Talk it up, get orders promised even now from your friends, and WATCH FOR ALL ANNOUNCEMENTS in these columns about the CARNIVAL NUMBER.

For fuller information, write to John Dougall & Son, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

BOYS AND GIRLS

How High Shall I Aspire?

(Graham Hood, in the 'Globe and Commercial Advertiser.')

A correspondent who has high literary aspirations, and who, as she admits, is in the 'sloughs of despond' because her contributions to the magazines are invariably returned with a brief and formal note of rejection, has written to ask if she has any right to aspire to so lofty a goal as authorship. To this question there can be but one answer: We ourselves build the ladder upon which we must climb, and it is our own fault if it is too insecurely constructed to bear our weight; or, if having ascended, we find that it falls short of reaching to the particular star to which we have felt attracted.

Literary success, like success in every other field of labor, depends entirely upon the individual who is endeavoring to succeed. If the will to succeed is there—the determination to push forward and attain the desired goal despite all obstacles—success will follow, and the degree of such success will depend solely upon the force exerted by the individual. This may seem like a rather unsatisfactory crumb of comfort, and yet we have many illustrations in real life that go to prove that this is something more than mere theory.

Thus, for example, it might be reasonable to suppose that a person who had grown to young manhood without knowing how to read or write stood a pretty poor chance of being distinguished for either learning or authorship; yet, in contradiction to this supposition, we have such cases as those of Elihu Burritt, or, to come still nearer home, our own Rev. Robert Collyer. Both of these men were ignorant boys, and yet, through the sheer determination to succeed, they turned defeat into victory. We know what Dr. Collyer has done, and it is only necessary to refer to any good biographical dictionary to read about the achievements of Elihu Burritt. Though an ordinary blacksmith, a person who had no knowledge of even the basic principles of the English language, the alphabet, he succeeded in mastering so many languages that, before his death, he had attained world-wide fame as the 'learned blacksmith.'

While such illustrations are of great value to us as practical examples of the possibilities of human achievement, the results that these men have attained may be duplicated by any one of us provided we are made of the right kind of material. To accomplish such ends, however, it is necessary that we should be willing to work hard. Neither Robert Collyer nor Elihu Burritt would ever have made his name known to the world if he had been content to sit down quietly to wait for things to happen.

Fortunately, however, the desire to improve themselves mentally was sufficiently strong to give them a foundation upon which to build, and once the beginning had been made the fight for success progressed naturally, step by step. It must not be imagined, however, that it was an easy battle to win, for lack of training was not the only obstacle that stood in the way of success. In addition, there was lack of money—money to employ teachers and to purchase books—for books and teachers were not so easily acquired in those days as they are at the present time, and yet, through their own individual efforts, these barriers were overcome and success crowned their efforts, just as it will crown the efforts of any other human being who is willing to make the most of his opportunities.

In other words, in addition to the desire to succeed one must have the determination to try, and to keep on trying regardless of temporary setbacks until the bull's-eye has been struck. It means hard and persistent work. It means dauntless courage and limitless self-confidence. It means hours and days and weeks of patient practice, but if the success desired is really worth having it is worth while fighting for it.

Do you imagine that Elihu Burritt would ever have been heard from if he had accepted the first rebuff and had dropped back to mourn over his misfortunes? No, he would have been shoeing horses until the day of his death. He won his battle for success because he was willing to fight. We, too, can win, but we shall have to fight to do it. If you think it is too much trouble—don't fight. That's all.

Three Little Knights.

(S. E. Winfield, in the 'Child's Hour.')

'Say, Dannie, do you know what a knight is?' asked Ted, as the two boys were trailing their sleds up to the top of the hill for a coast.

'Sure I do, do you think I'm enough of a goose not to even know what a night is! It's when it's dark, and you have to go to bed before you want to. Guess I know that all right; I've had to do it often enough.'

'Oh, I don't mean that kind of a night, I mean a knight; you spell it with a k first.'

'No, I never heard of that. What is it, anyway?'

'Well, Aunt Betty was reading about them to us last night, and it was great. A knight

was a sort of soldier, at least we should call him so, and he had to promise to do the right, and help anyone who was in trouble. My, but it was awfully int'resting. There was a king called Arthur—'

'Arthur what?'

'Nothing, just King Arthur, and he had a table that they used to sit around, and they were called "The Round Table Knights," and if they didn't do the big things, and just have a great time. It made me wish that we could kill dragons now, and help rescue people in distress. Don't you wish we could, Dannie?'

Dannie looked doubtful for a moment, and then he said, 'Course I'd like to help people, but I guess I'd rather not tackle any dragons, 'cause you might get hurt.'

'Of course you might get hurt, the knights did get hurt often, and sometimes they were killed, but then think of what they did.'

'I don't believe they did anything worth getting killed for,' still insisted Dannie, whose one fear and worry was getting hurt.

'Pooh! you'd make an awful 'fraid cat knight,' said Ted, in utter contempt. 'There is Jimmie, now; I know that he'd like to be one; you see. Hello, Jimmie, going coasting? Say, Jimmie, don't you wish you could be a knight?'

'What, one of those old parties who wore brass things on their heads and stomachs, and were always in some sort of a row?'

'Yes, I guess that is the kind I mean, but that is not just the way that Aunt Betty told us about them. I thought it would be kind of fun to play that we were knights, and try and do as they did.'

'What, get into rows?' ask Jimmie, with a grin.

'No, of course not, unless we have to; I mean to help people.'

'All right; when will we begin?'

'Let's begin now. See that little girl over there, she looks like a damsel (they always called them damsels in the book, but I don't know why) in distress, because I am sure she wanted that boy to let her slide down the coast on his double runner, and he would not let her.'

The three boys looked where Ted said the girl was, and sure enough they saw a small girl in a hood and reefer, mopping her eyes, and sniffling behind a pair of red mittens, while a hard hearted boy darted off down the hill on his swift sleds.

'Come on, fellers, I mean knights, feller knights, to the rescue.'

The small girl in the hood looked a bit scared to see the three boys bearing down in her direction, but when she saw their smiling faces, she smiled in return.

'Say, Sissie, want to go coasting?' asked Ted, as leader of the band of knights. He felt sure that 'Sissie' was not the proper way to address a damsel in distress, but it was the only way he knew, and it was most likely that she would understand that way better than she would the words of a real knight.

Sissie stuck her finger in her mouth, and said shyly, 'Y—yes, I'd like to, but—'

'Never mind the buts,' said Ted. 'We saw the way the other boy was mean to you, and we made up our minds that we would come and rescue you; we are knights, you know.'

Sissie didn't know what knights were, but she did know that there were three very kind hearted small boys looking at her with smiling faces, and asking her to do just what she was wild to do, but had not been allowed to.

'Come along and get onto my sled,' said Ted again, as he saw that the damsel he was so willing to rescue was quite uncertain as to whether she would allow herself to be rescued or not.

'I w—want t—to, but—'

'Oh, bother the buts, what good are they, they never did anything. You just drop onto that sled, and see how quickly you will be at the bottom of the hill.'

Thereupon Sissie did as she was told, and away went the sled with its load, flying down the coast.

Meanwhile the boy who had refused to take her down the hill had gone back up the hill, and on looking for her, was much frightened not to find her, because she was his sister, and moreover her mother had told her not to coast down the hill for fear of being hurt.

He was waiting for her as the three boys came up the hill dragging her on the sled.

'Oooh! Billy, I've had such a luverly slide,' she said with her eyes like stars.

'You just wait till I tell mother, and then you will have a different kind of a time,' he answered roughly.

'Please don't tell her, Billy, it was only once.'

'You just come along home, and see. I don't want to be bothered with you out here any longer, anyway.'

'He's a dragon,' said Ted in a whisper. 'Let's give it to him by drawing his sister home, and telling her mother how it happened. He is Billy Thorp, the meanest boy in the school, and she must be his sister.'

So off like a flash went the three boys, with Billy following in the rear, but as he was stout and heavy, and the others were light and quick on their feet, they soon left him far in the rear.

It was a breathless trio which brought up at the Thorp's side door, and Mrs. Thorp, not knowing why her small daughter should be brought home by three strange boys, ran to the door. Ted, as chief knight, spoke up, and said:

'It wasn't her fault, Mrs. Thorp, we made her coast, 'cause we didn't know that you had told her not to, we didn't let her tell why she wouldn't, we just flopped her on to the

Letters of Queen Victoria.

These three fascinating volumes issued in popular form by direct command of His Majesty the King, should be in every school library in Canada, and in every home as far as possible. They are bound in crimson cloth, gold lettered, and contain full page illustrations.

Every loyal Briton will want a set, and we will gladly send them to any address on receipt of $1.50, and postage extra 25 cents. FOR THE SCHOOL LIBRARY it could be secured on a premium basis by sending only SEVEN genuine new subscriptions to the Messenger,' at 40 cents each, subscriptions all to be in Canada, outside Montreal and suburbs.

sled and then she had to. We were playing that we were knights, and that she was a damsel in distress 'cause Billy wouldn't let her coast with him. Then he was going to drag her home and tell that she had coasted, and then we played that he was a dragon, and here we are. And please don't punish her, 'cause it wasn't her fault.'

Mrs. Thorp smiled at the eager young faces, as she said, 'Well, I suppose I must not say anything now, as my small daughter had three such brave and valiant knights to stand up for her, and as I remember, in those days of old, the knights didn't care very much what the fathers or mothers wished, when they rescued fair damsels, but please hereafter don't make my small girl do things which I have told her not to do.'

I Commence to Fight.

(Joseph Woodhouse, in 'Friendly Greetings.')

This is not the whole of the sentence I have just read in the diary of the famous Scotch minister, Dr. Norman Macleod. It is this: 'I commence to fight the good fight.'

To make up his mind to fight the good fight meant that the youthful Norman had resolved to become a disciple of Christ.

He was about twenty years of age when he came to this great decision. It was indeed the crisis in his life. It must be always the crisis in any life that is intent upon giving its best to the service of God. And it is only our very 'best' that we dare to give to God.

This resolution that involved so much for himself and for his future usefulness as a minister of the Gospel was made at the time of the death of Norman's younger brother, James. But it was God's way of bringing the young man to Himself, so that his many gifts might all be laid at the feet of Jesus.

There had been a solemn parting between Norman and James in the sick room of the sufferer. All reserve between the brothers was broken down. Soul was knit to soul. Heart beat responsive to heart during the interview. What actually took place is not given to the world. But after Norman left the room, James put his arms round his mother's neck, saying, 'I am so thankful, mother, Norman will be a good man.'

All through his after-life Norman 'kept' this spiritual 'birthday' as a memorable occasion. The entry in his diary runs in these words:—

'How strange that I, who, when in health and strength, and with everything to cheer and little to depress the heart, thought not of God, the great Giver of all good, should now, when my beloved brother is sinking into the grave, and the best and dearest of mothers is sore at heart for her child, raise my voice, and I hope my heart, to Him who has been despised and rejected by me.

'My mother has been my best earthly friend, and God knows the heartfelt, profound veneration I have for her character. And now,' he continues, 'O God of my fathers, this third day of December, solely and entirely under Thy guidance, I commence to fight the good fight. I acknowledge Thy hand in making my dear brother's illness the means; through and only for the sake of the great Redeemer Jesus Christ do I look for an answer to my most earnest prayer. Amen.'

And for forty years, without faltering, the good fight for truth, righteousness, and godliness was waged. A singularly useful and honorable life resulted from the great decision made in a sick room.

Life is a great warfare all through. Sometimes with poverty, sometimes with sickness, sometimes with sore tribulation. The best warfare of all is begun when in the presence of Christ the mind is made up to fight the good fight of faith.

The honor, the reward of this warfare surpasses all else that men live for—the 'Crown of life' in the King's country beyond the stars.

A Question of Silence.

(Mary Barrett Howard, in the 'Northwestern Christian Advocate.')

(Concluded.)

Misinterpreting Marian's look of dismay, she added, 'Land, it don't hurt chickens a mite to be kerried head down, as you might know by the way this cretur's crowin'——'

The conductor, who had overheard her explanation of the mysterious sounds that still reverberated in the air, now approached, saying with pretended severity:

'Don't you know, ma'am, that it's against the rules to carry live stock in the passengers' coaches?'

'Nobuddy'd ben any the wiser if this rooster hadn't ben like the rest of his sex in not knowin' when nor where he'd better keep his mouth shut,' snapped Miss Tincker.

The conductor laughed good-naturedly.

'O, well, I don't know but it's just as well you brought him,' he said, ''cause if this storm keeps up we're liable to pass the night in some snowbank, an' that rooster'll make mighty good eatin'.'

In an instant Tommy was out in the aisle pummeling the big man with all the strength of his sturdy fists.

'You shan't eat John Paul Jones,' he yelled. 'You shan't, I say!'

'Bless my heart!' exclaimed the kindly giant in well simulated fright, 'I didn't know 'twas your rooster, young feller. I don't want to run up agin no such propersition as them fists o' youre, so I guess we'll hev to bile our shoes fer supper 'stead o' your rooster. Now you come along o' me an' I'll get you some candy of the train boy.'

Tommy's brief wrath evaporated like snow under a July sun, and he went happily away, his hand clasped tight in that of his new friend.

'John Paul Jones is a ridiculous name for a rooster,' observed Miss Temperance discontentedly, 'but Tommy's pa's told him such a lot 'bout some man by that name that fit in the Rev'lutionary War, that nothin' would do but he must name this old yeller rooster fer him.'

The train, which had been making slow progress for the past hour, now stopped with a jerk, and the conductor, returning with Tommy, who was in a state of blissful stickiness, remarked cheerfully:

'We're stuck, an' it looks as if we'd hev to stay here till mornin', for the next station is ten mile off an' the nearest farmhouse three.'

He vanished without stopping to listen to the chorus of lamentations which arose. The two young collegians rushed out to verify the truth of his statement, and reappeared in a few moments covered with snow and ice and half frozen.

'The trainmen say it would be folly to try to reach the farmhouse, for we've struck a regular Western blizzard,' announced the dark-eyed boy who had been the object of Marian's suspicions. 'Jim and I thought we might manage to get there and bring you all something to eat.'

'O Jack, can't you?' wailed one of the girls, whose resemblance to him proclaimed their relationship. 'I'm starving! Tell the conductor that he must get us to Albany in time to catch the train that has the dining-car attached.'

'We'll be lucky if we get breakfast to-morrow, to say nothing of dinner to-night,' replied Jack gloomily.

'I shall die—I know I shall,' moaned the girl.

'You may have some of my nice candy,' said warm-hearted little Tommy, running toward her holding out a grimy fist filled with moist peppermint drops. The girl stared at him superciliously.

'I don't care for any, thanks,' she responded stiffly.

Tommy regarded her with wondering eyes. He was not accustomed to rebuffs. 'They're sweet' he urged, laying the sticky oblation in her lap

She shook it off angrily, and as Tom clutched her skirt in a vain attempt to rescue his treasure she pushed him away with such vigor that he fell headlong into the aisle.

'You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Lily,' exclaimed Jack Landes sharply, as he picked up the little fellow and wiped off his tears with his own spotless handkerchief.

'She—she pushed me,' Tommy sobbed, heartbrokenly.

Lily Landes looked a trifle abashed. 'He was ruining my gown,' she asserted, and indeed the delicate fabric plainly showed the marks of four sticky fingers.

But the other girl said reproachfully, 'How could you hurt his feelings so, Lily?' and taking the child into her arms she began to kiss and comfort him.

Marian beheld this little scene with impotent wrath, for Miss Tincker, wrapped in the impregnable fortress of deaf old age, had heard nothing, and had insisted that Marian should search her bag for scissors to cut the bonds of John Paul Jones.

'If we've got to stay here all night, I ain't goin' to keep that rooster tied up,' she had announced. 'He'd be too stiff to walk, come mornin', an' I never was one to be cruel to dumb creturs.'

When Marian at last found the scissors she ran forward and snatched Tommy from the hands of the captors, unheeding their apologies. But the child's tears dried as by magic at the sight of the liberated John Paul Jones, who, after shaking his rumpled feathers, set out, quite unperturbed, on a tour of inspection of his strange surroundings, closely accompanied by his little master.

Somewhat later, Tommy, tired of play, loudly demanded his supper, and Marian opened the bag of luncheon which had been pushed under the seat and almost forgotten. At the sight of the bountiful supply of provisions that it contained she glanced undecidedly toward the forlorn group now huddled disconsolately at the other end of the car.

'Why should I offer to share this with those snobbish people who have been laughing at us all the afternoon?' she argued.

But the next instant she had risen and went forward to say, shyly:

'I've plenty of luncheon for all, if you care to join us.'

The change of expression in the dejected countenances before her was ludicrous, and Lily Landes in particular nearly wept with joy.

'O you sweet thing!' she gasped. 'How simply fine!'

Mutual explanations followed, and Marian learned that the two girls, Cicely Thurston and Lily Landes, were pupils of Madame D'Arblay, and were returning to school under the escort of their respective brothers, Harvard students.

'O, dear,' thought Marian in dismay, 'now, of course, they will be informed by Miss Tincker concerning the minutest particulars of my family history.'

But to her great relief Miss Tincker did not introduce the dreaded topic, although they all grew very friendly and merry over the contents of Mrs. Kendall's box, which seemed literally to have no bottom. Marian insisted on an impartial division with the train crew and yet no one remained unsatisfied.

'It reminds me of what someone called "the widow Cruse's oil can",' laughed Jim Thurston. 'Did you ever eat anything equal to these ham sandwiches?' attacking his fifth one as he spoke.

'Never' returned his sister, 'unless it may be this fried chicken. I think Mrs. Kendall's box resembles the bag presented to Prince Giglio by the Fairy Blackstick.'

'These chocolate cakes are dreams, simply dreams,' said Lily Landes solemnly.

'You have saved us from cannibalism, Miss

Worth Working For.

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Wentworth,' put in Jack Landes mischievously, 'for Lily was so cross and yet so tender that I'm sure we would have ended by devouring her, "boots and bones".'

When the feast was at length over the young men withdrew to the smoker for the night. Tommy was tucked up on one seat, and Miss Temperance, having rendered herself a fearsome object by winding her thin hair on ferocious looking steel hair curlers, also slumbered, while the girls retreated to the farther end of the car to chatter and giggle as girls will.

'I'm afraid you thought me frightfully rude to-day, Miss Wentworth,' began Lily apologetically, 'but I never could endure having children paw over me, and as for our laughing at Miss Tincker, of course we could see at once that she isn't your sort. But I suppose that when one lives in the country it is impossible to avoid knowing odd people. You must be uncommonly kind-hearted, however, to allow that queer old soul to order you about as if you were of her own class.'

Marian's familiar spirit spoke loudly in her ear: You see that they do not understand, owing to Miss Tincker's unwonted reticence. Now all you have to do is to remain silent,' it told her.

Then there flashed through the girl's mind the many kindnesses she had received from her grandmother's old friend, and should she deny her now through her besetting sin, False Pride? Without a perceptible pause she answered bravely:

'You do not understand, Miss Landes—Miss Tincker is my grandmother's dearest friend and we are all plain people together.'

Marian Wentworth was quite unaware that by this little speech she had won for herself the lasting friendship of fastidious Cicely Thureton, the acknowledged leader of Madame D'Arblay's, and that even frivolous Lily Landes regarded her henceforth with secret respect. On the contrary the girls, neither of them knowing just what to say, changed with evident embarrassment, and Marian's heart sank as she mused dejectedly.

'Now I've spoiled everything—O, dear me, why is it, when it comes to the test that I'm always so hopelessly truthful?'

But at this point in her meditations John Paul Jones, who had been feasting royally on scattered crumbs, flew up to the back of her seat, and flapping his wings above the girl's fair head, crowed loudly, with a fine effect of applause.

Leaves from Congo Sketch Books
Notes
These are musical instruments - at least the natives think them musical.
No1 is a small clay whistle called a "Bolols"
No2 A banjo from the Basoko district made out of gourds
No3 is an "ngwala" or an iron bell used in palm wine dances
No4 This is the Congo piano - an "isangi" It is not such a treat to hear one played as one might think
Bokangura
1
2
3
4
F.L
Tebos

—'Juvenile Missionary Herald.'

Antiquity of the Doll.

Who played with the first doll? How was it fashioned? When and where was it born? are questions easily asked but not so easily answered.

We must search the archives of the past, we must go to buried Egypt, to pagan Rome, to India, the wonderland of the world. As far back as documentary evidence, or legend, or myth will carry us we find dolls; no recorded history goes back to the time when there were no dolls.

They are found in the sanctuary of the pagan, in the tombs of the dead; pictured in quaint and sometimes awkward lines in plaster and stone that have withstood the elements for thousands of years.

Since time was they have been, apparently, the presiding deity of the hearthstone and the cradle. Most people would subscribe to the popular theory that the mother impulse is so strong in every child that she must have some object upon which to lavish her childish affection, and that the most natural object is a doll built on somewhat the same lines as the baby brother or sister or some of the 'grown ups' of the family.

I have gathered the opinions of various early and classic writers, all of which seem to me to point to the fact that the doll, as the image of a human or superhuman creature was first used, as so many other articles and customs were, in religious ceremonies, probably in India, perhaps in Egypt, possibly in China.

That dolls were common in the time of Moses is certain, for we read that in those sarcophagi, which are frequently exhumed in Egypt, there have been found beside the poor little mummies pathetically comical little imitations of themselves, placed there by loving mothers, within reach of the cold little baby fingers.

In 'Ave Roma Immortalis,' Marion Crawford speaks of children's dolls of centuries ago, 'made of rags and stuffed with the waste from their mother's spindles and looms.' He also tells of effigies of bullrushes, which the Pontiffs and Vestals came to throw into the Tiber from the Sublician bridge on the Ides of May.

When Herculaneum was being excavated, there was found the figure of a little girl with a doll clasped in her arms so tightly that not even death could divide them.—From 'The Doll Book,' by Laura B. Strar. The Outing Publishing Co.

A Recluse in Name Only.

One of the brightest, most accomplished and best-loved young girls of all those in her school and society circles, at the age of seventeen was so terribly injured in a street-car accident that she has ever since been closely confined not only to the same house and chamber, but to the selfsame bed; and forty-two years is what 'ever since' means. During these years of tantalizing isolation she has seen her young girl friends successfully completing their different school courses, and coming out well equipped for spheres of active usefulness in the world, while the same slowly moving, relentless years marked her own exiled ongoing from joyous, elate girlhood to dwarfed and aimless womanhood.

Meantime, too, she has lost by death nearly all her near relatives and friends: father, mother, brothers, sisters, aunts and uncles; and of nieces and nephews only one remains.

Most tenderly cared for during many of the first years of her illness by an aunt but little older than herself, who gave up an eligible marriage engagement for the duties of a voluntary nurse, there followed a well-nigh insupportable anguish when this dear aunt, too, was taken away, as also, later, the most devoted and dearly loved of her physicians.

There are things of such exceptional interest in her case that many have taken the opportunity to call upon her.

'And what did you find?' asked a friend of one who had thus called, not from curiosity, but from a desire to express his sympathy.

'I found an animating and most spiritually elevating surprise awaiting me,' he answered. 'First, on the negative side, no trace of impatience or dejection, no hint of murmuring or complaining, no finding fault with any person or anything, no charging Providence with having cruelly darkened her life at the very crisis of her fondest and most eager anticipations.

'On the positive side, a spirit of complete trust in God, and of thanksgiving for a spared life and for the blessings still bestowed upon her; a lively interest in the news of the day and a readiness to join in any proposed subject of conversation; heart-fellowship with her friends in their good or ill fortunes, finding solace for herself in counseling and consoling those in trouble; and all enlivened by such a genial humor and quickness of witty repartee as made conversation with her at once a privilege and a delight.'

'After nearly forty-two years of prostration and suffering, can I be resigned, peaceful and happy?' the woman said to her visitor, repeating the question after him. Then she answered in this way: 'Yes, "My faith looks up to Him," undaunted, never questioning and at peace. I go plodding on, keeping my eye ever upward, looking for the light and the dawn which, some day, will come to me.

I still have patience, although the heart sometimes grows lonely with longing to see my loved ones; then I cry out, "O Lord, how long, how long!" I am so happy to know that I do not rebel or question; I know that He doeth all things well. Can I not be strong under these conditions?'

The visitor, touched, and recalling some trivial incidents which the invalid had mentioned, said, 'I am glad that you can be so interested in other people's affairs.'

'Why shouldn't I be?' she replied. 'For my part, I never could see how it is that some people make such recluses of themselves!'

How a Dog Sends a Little Chinese to School.

(A. M. M., in the 'Morning Star.')

Max, the Boston Y. W. C. A. dog, the same one who calls the elevator and goes to buy cookies, always makes a practice of attending the religious services in the building, and no person who goes conducts himself with more dignity or appears any more devout than this black dog. A few days ago a missionary from China spoke at the morning service. She told about the hard life the children in China lead, how they don't have any day schools and Sunday schools like the children do here where they can be taught how to be good and useful, how the poor little girls have their feet bound up tight so they can never romp and play, how a great many of them are always hungry and when they do have anything to eat it is some cheap coarse food that we in this country would never think of touching.

Max was unusually attentive and reverential during the entire service; he sat with his black ears erect and his black nose between his paws—his customary meeting attitude—evidently much impressed by what was being said. Perhaps he was thinking that he knew just how those poor little Chinese children felt when they were hungry and couldn't get what they wanted to eat. He had been hungry a good many times himself and had to eat bread and gravy when he wanted sirloin steak. Once a particular friend of his brought him a beautiful slice of juicy roast beef and he had to wait twenty-five minutes by the clock before he could have it because his mistress was leading the prayer meeting and he knew it would never do to interrupt her and ask her to give it to him till the last amen had been said, but the minute that meeting was through didn't that black dog—like some people the minute meeting is out—throw all his reverence and dignity to the winds and rush at his mistress and jump on her and bark at her, and tell her in every way that an intelligent dog with Christian Association bringing up could that Mrs. W. had brought him some meat and he couldn't wait one minute longer for it? And he must have remembered, too, how quickly his dear mistress understood and went and did as he asked her to.

I wouldn't wonder if he thought, too, that he could appreciate something of how those poor little girls felt with those cruel tight bandages on their feet, for just a short time before a decree had gone forth from the people who manage the dogs and everything else in Boston to the effect that until further notice no dog in the city could associate with any one outside his own immediate family unless he had a muzzle on. The Christian Association people like to be considered law-abiding citizens, and they had immediately gone to work to obey the law. The stenographer had made muzzles of pink twine for the two little bronze dogs who served as paper weights on her desk, another worker put a pencil mark over the nose of the picture of a dog's head on her calendar, and Max's mistress had gone down town and bought for her doggie the softest, easiest leather muzzle that she could find, but it was a muzzle, and on the day that the Chinese missionary spoke he had it on for the first time. Poor doggie, how he did dislike it and how he did beg and tease and coax to have it off, and I suppose he thought the little Chinese girls' white feet tied up in those bandages felt something the way his black nose did bound up in those straps. Perhaps as he went on thinking about all these things, how bad it felt to be hungry and how perfectly horrid it was to have any part of you strapped up, he began to wonder if he couldn't help those people in some way.

I am not sure that all these thoughts went through Max's brain, for dogs do not always tell all they think, and I have not yet been able to find out that Max ever really told any one what was going on in his mind while the Chinese missionary was speaking, but his mistress has a wonderful ability to read her doggie's thoughts, and when the meeting was over and she stood talking with the missionary and Max stood by her with that dear black nose of his affectionately resting in her hand she said, 'Max, wouldn't you like to do something to help those Chinese children?'

Max answered with a joyful bark and a wag of his tail.

Then his mistress turned to the missionary. 'What is the best way for him to help?' she asked.

'Why,' said the missionary, 'he might send one of them to school.'

Max's tail wagged more vigorously than ever at that, but his mistress didn't understand yet just how he was going to do it, so the missionary went on and told how the Christian people in America are sending money to build schools for the Chinese children and to hire teachers to teach them to be good boys and girls and to grow up into useful, sensible men and women who will know how to earn money to get plenty of food and clothing and will be too wise to ever do anything as foolish and wicked as to bind up little girls' fet and keep them from growing the way God wants them to. She said each of these schools accommodates about twenty-five scholars and it costs about twenty-five dollars a year to hire the teacher, so they say that any one who wants to send a Chinese child to school for a year can do it by giving a dollar.

Now Max's mistress understood perfectly. 'Certainly,' she said, 'Max would like to send a Chinese child to school, wouldn't you, Max?'

In his own way that his mistress understands Max answered yes.

'And you would be glad to give the dollar, wouldn't you, Max?'

Max said yes again.

'And you will keep on doing it each year as long as you live'

Max agreed and his mistress handed the missionary the dollar, and this is how our Max is sending a little Chinee to school. And as far as we know he is the only dog in all the world who is doing anything of that kind. Of course we are proud of him. We always have been proud of him, but it seems as if now we are prouder than ever.

A Penny Parable.

(The Rev. John Crawford, in the 'Juvenile Missionary Herald.')

The chief speaker had finished his address. He had told a touching story of the trials and triumphs of God's work in distant lands, and hoped that his earnest words had reached everybody's heart. The hymn was sung, and then the stewards went round to take up the collection.

Afterwards they met in the schoolroom, and found that the plates had come back with a great many pennies on them, given by the children present at the meeting. All these pennies, of course, looked very much alike, but one of the stewards said they differed wonderfully.

'How so?' asked a teacher. 'What do you mean?'

'They differ,' answered the steward, 'because of the different feelings with which they were put into the plate': and then he gave a little history of what had happened as he passed his plate among the classes.

One boy had thought that collections should not be taken at missionary meetings. 'When I give,' he grumbled, 'I want to give without being asked; but as the plate is here, right under my nose, I suppose I must give something. Pity, though, that I can't come to a meeting without being bothered for money' and with that he had thrown his penny in; 'but I call that an "iron" penny,' said the steward. 'It came from a hard iron heart.'

Then as the plate passed on it came to another boy. He was laughing and talking at the time with a boy in the seat behind. The plate waited for a second or two, and then his neighbor tapped him on the shoulder. 'Here is the plate,' he whispered. 'Have you anything you wish to give?' 'Oh, of course,' said the boy carelessly. 'I have my penny, and I'll give it. A penny's nothing. Here goes a penny for the heathen,' and as soon as he had tossed it into the plate he at once turned to continue his gossip with the boy behind.

'That boy's penny,' said the steward, 'I call "tin"!'

The plate went on, and presently reached a boy of another sort. His penny was ready—in fact, he had been holding it between his finger and thumb for some time, in such a way that all his friends would see it. Looking round to make sure that they noticed, he now dropped it in with a self-satisfied air and a loud noise. 'A "brass" penny that,' said the steward. 'Only "brass"!'

'But the next kind that I got was a great deal better,' he went on. 'It came from a little fellow who had been listening to every word of the address, and whose heart was touched with real pity. As the plate drew near this boy, he turned to his teacher, who sat beside him, and whispered shyly, 'I'm very sorry for the heathen, but I've only a penny to give. How I wish I had more.'

'And I call that a "silver" penny,' said the steward thoughtfully.

'But now I must tell you about the best of all,' he continued. 'And this was a "golden" penny. As I held out the plate to get it I heard the boy who gave it whisper to his mother, who sat beside him, "I think I love Jesus, and, of course, I know that He wants the poor people in heathen lands to learn how much He loves them. I'll give this penny gladly, and I'd give anything I have if only I knew He wanted it." "Yes," said the steward, "that boy's penny was a golden one."'

He Sees.

'The gods will see it.' This was the reply of the Greek sculptor charged with the adornment of a temple, when his employers found fault with him for taking so great pains with the carving on the upper surface of the capitals surmounting his pillars.

'Why waste your skill,' they asked, 'where no human eye can behold its results? Only the birds of the air can rest in such a place.'

But the artist cared more for the praise of Heaven than for the plaudits of the crowd.

The Lord of heaven once came into His earthly temple, and found there, instead of worship, the buying and selling that belonged to the market-place. It is no wonder that He burned with fiery indignation, and drove the profane traffickers from the sacred place which they had been defiling with their greedy grasping for gain.

Now as truly as in days of old, the holy Christ is among those who throng the courts of God's house. If their hearts are filled with vain, selfish, worldly thoughts, He sees all these, and they kindle His righteous wrath. Outward forms and ceremonies count for little with Him. What really matters is in the pure and loving heart.—'Friendly Greetings.'

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The Key to the Box.

'What would you do,' said the little key
To the teak-wood box, 'except for me?'

The teak-wood box gave a gentle creak
To the little key; but it did not speak.

'I believe,' said the key, 'that I will hide
In the crack, down there by the chimney side,

'So this proud old box may see
How little it's worth except for me.'

It was long, long afterwards, in the crack
They found the key, and they brought it back.

And it said, as it chuckled and laughed to itself,
'Now I'll be good to the box on the shelf.'

But the little key stopped with a shiver and shock,
For there was a bright new key in the lock.

And the old box said: 'I am sorry, you see;
But the place is filled, my poor little key.' —Selected.

Mabel's Thank-offering.

'O, mamma,' said Mabel one morning, 'I want a nickel just so bad!'

'What would you do with it, my dear?' questioned the mother.

'I'd buy some of those nice chocolates I saw in Mr. Seyb's restaurant yesterday,' said Mabel. 'They did look so good.'

'Well, since my little girl has helped her mamma so well this morning, she shall have the nickel.'

Mabel jumped up and down with delight, and in a few moments she was hurrying up the street with the money tightly clasped in her right hand. When she returned, her face was all aglow, but she had no chocolates.

'Why, Mabel, where's your candy?' asked her mother. 'You surely saved mamma a piece?'

'I didn't buy any, mamma,' explained Mabel, her cheeks dimpling with a smile. 'Just before I got to the restaurant I came up to a blind man standing on the street, begging. I heard him say: 'O God, if I could only see your beautiful world, how happy I'd be!' Then I thought of what our teacher said. She told us to give a thank-offering this week to some one who didn't have some blessing we had, so I just dropped the nickel in his cup. When he thanked me, somehow I had such a sweet, good feeling in my heart that I didn't want any chocolates.'

Then Mabel's mother couldn't help but kiss her happy little girl, and tell her how glad she was that she had made the thank-offering.—'Sunday School Advocate.'

The Chickens.

(D. A. T., in the 'Chatterbox.')

See the chickens round the gate
For their morning portion wait;
Fill the basket from the store,
Let us open wide the door:

Eager, busy, hen and chick,
Every little morsel pick.
See the hen with callow brood
To her young how kind and good;

Throw out crumbs and scatter seed,
Let the hungry chickens feed.
Call them now, how fast they run!
Gladly, quickly every one.

With what care their steps she leads—
Them, and not herself she feeds;
Picking here and picking there,
Where the nicest morsels are.

The Best Plan.

Grant, Virginia and Nellie Stone had played in the yard until they were tired, and they stretched out on the sitting-room floor to rest.

'Let's play air-castles,' suggested Virginia, and the idea met with the approval of the others. After a time 'air-castles' lost their interest, and they began to talk of what they would do when they were grown up.

'I'm going to be a doctor and have mamma live with me. I'll get her a maid and she won't even have to wait on herself,' Grant observed.

'It will take you too long to get rich. Mamma would be all worked out before you could make money to hire a maid,' answered Virginia, scornfully. 'I'll take Domestic Science in high school, and when I learn to cook, I'll do all the cooking for mamma. I'll make something she likes every day. She'll be able to visit and belong to lots of societies then. I think that's a lot nicer plan than yours, Grant.'

'I'll learn to sew and make all of mamma's clothes' was Nellie's decision. 'She won't have to work a bit when we grow up, will she? Let's go tell her about our plans.' And they ran to the kitchen, where Mrs. Stone was busy ironing.

'I'll tell mine first,' said Grant. 'Mamma, when we grow up we are going to do things to help you. We want you to decide who has the nicest plan.' Then each told what they would do in that distant grown-up period.

Their mother looked serious when they finished. 'Your plans are all good, but I can tell you a better one yet. It will be a good many years before you can do these things, but Grant could fill the wood-box every day, as I have asked him to do. It was empty again this morning, and I had to get wood. Virgina and Nellie could wash the dishes and make the beds every morning and not compain about it, or have to be told again and again. There are many steps you could save me if you would only try. That would give me time to rest now, and I would like it.'

The children looked crestfallen for a moment. They saw the almost empty wood-box and the unwashed dishes. They knew their mother was

tired, for she had been ironing for them since early morning. Grant was the first to speak this time, too. 'I think mamma's plan is the best. The best time to begin the best plan is right now.' And he started for the wood-pile, while the girls began to clear off the table.—The 'Herald and Presbyter.'

A Morning Prayer.

('Our Little Dots.')

Now, before we work to-day,
We must not forget to pray
To God, who kept us through the night
And woke us with the morning light.

Help us, Lord, to love Thee more
Than we ever loved before;
In our work and in our play,
Be Thou with us through the day.

Milo's Bunnies.

(Elizabeth Price, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

Milo lived away up in Montana, on a ranch so big that it was like a great many farms put together. You could walk miles without coming to any other house than Milo's, except the ones where the men lived who helped take care of the cattle.

There were about thirty of these men—cowbows, they called themselves, although most of them had not been boys for years, and some were gray-headed. Milo thought they had a way of miscalling things, for they always spoke of their bedroom as the 'bunk-house,' their dining-room, 'the mess,' and they had more queer names for their fat cook and each other than you could remember.

Milo liked to go out among them, but mamma thought he was quite too young for such grown-up company, so he did not often get to their quarters.

You might have thought it a bit lonesome for a very small boy not to have a single playmate his own age anywhere between the edges of the blue sky that came down and rested on the ground, or scalloped itself behind the fountain-tops. But Milo did not know what lonesomeness was. All day long he played outdoors, and was so well acquainted with the birds and the prairie-dogs and other wild things that he thought he could almost understand what they meant by their chirp and chatter. When it was bright, warm weather his linen rompers and big straw hat roved about the ranch. When it was cold, all sorts of overcoats and leggings covered him; and when it rained, a suit of oil-skins and a pair of rubber boots kept him dry and cozy. Nothing short of a real blizzard could keep him indoors; and as Trip and Towser were always with their young master, mamma knew no harm could come to him.

He did not need any tonics to help him sleep when night came, either. It was as much as ever he could do to keep awake till he was ready for bed, although it was always before the cowboys' supper-time. He stopped every night by the hall window on his way up-stairs, to see the light from the fat cook's big stove, glowing out into the dusk.

One day it rained. Milo did not know what time it began, because the pitter-patter on the windows was the first sound he heard that morning. It was still coming steadily down when he remembered, all at once, that it must be getting nearly bread-and-milk time, that his rubber boots were much heavier than they had been at noon, and that, after all, bed was not such a bad place in which to spend part of one's life.

Ten minutes later mamma was helping unbutton his rain-coat when something squirmed in his rain-coat pocket Mamma jumped; she could not quite forget that she had emptied a damaged but still lively lizard out of Milo's handkerchief a day or two before.

'Oh, I most forgot!' Milo stopped to pull out a bunch of wet grass. 'Cowboy Jack told me you could train rabbits to do tricks, and I — Look at him, mamma! Isn't he cute?' and Milo held out a wee, shivery, brown bunny, so little it could not open its eyes, and its queer little nose was twitching in the funniest fashion. 'It looks like it's going to cry, but it isn't, mamma. They always do like that. I'm going to train him to shoot guns and dance, and—'

Milo talked very fast, and his cheeks were redder than usual. Perhaps he was not much surprised when mamma interrupted him to say, 'Milo, is it possible you took this bunny baby away from its mother?'

'No'm, the mother wasn't at home. I s'posed maybe she wouldn't care—there's plenty more.'

'You supposed quite wrong. Take it back home to its nest.'

'But, mamma, the nest's away over by the calf pasture.'

'I'm sorry, dear, but if it were twice as far you'd have to go and put it back carefully.'

Milo drew on those heavy boots. It was no use to tease. Out into the wet he trudged, Trip and Towser following unwillingly, their draggled tails hanging limply behind them. It was half a mile to the calf pasture, but it seemed a whole one to the weary boy. Mamma was waiting for him when he came back, with his warm little bed-gown and slippers.

'Mamma was sorry, dear, but you see she had to make you do right,' she said, gently. 'You knew it was wrong to do as you did, and I can't let my boy grow up to be selfish and heartless, causing pain and suffering in the world, instead of making everything happy.'

'But Cowboy Jack says rabbits don't count.'

'Cowboy Jack is sadly mistaken. Anything God has made alive counts You could have taken away that baby bunny's life, but you could never, never give it back. A boy who begins by being cruel to a rabbit may keep on until he is cruel to everything. We can't run that risk, Milo boy.'

'Was—was I cruel?'

'I'll let you decide that for yourself. The little rabbit would have starved to death.'

The boy sat quite still a moment, looking out into the driving rain. Then he drew a long breath, and reached for the boots again. 'There's another,' he said, slowly, 'in my other pocket. I forgot it till I was most home, and Jack said rabbits didn't count. But I couldn't ever let it starve—could I, mamma?'

It was a sorry-looking trio that came stumbling in at last from the second trip through the gathering darkness. Trip and Towser threw themselves on their mats with a look that said plainly it would take more than rabbits to rout them out again. But Milo's eyes were bright as stars, and down inside of his rain-coat and his blouse was a warm little spot that kept reminding him of a cozy, sheltered nest among the hedge-roots, where two little homesick bunnies lay close to their mother's warm breast.

Pip and His Pug.

(M. M., in 'Our Little Dots.')

Some people said that Puggy was ugly, but Pip (his proper name was Philip) firmly said he was a 'beauty,' and believed it, too. And in return Puggy loved Pip with all his heart.

Pip and Pug were walking up and down just outside the house where they lived, one fine morning, waiting for nurse. All of a sudden a huge, fierce dog came rushing up to them, with great gleaming teeth, and seized hold of Pip's white tunic. Poor Pip shrieked with terror; but before nurse could run down the steps Puggy flew at the great dog. The fierce beast was so surprised that he dropped Pip's sleeve from his mouth, and turned round to bite little Puggy, but a gentleman came to the rescue, and beat him away!

The Lost House.

(Zitella Cooke, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

I had a house—my very own—
Not made of wood or brick or stone,
But it was built of crystal bright,
With roof and towers, one frosty night,
And round it was a garden, too,
Where trees and plants and flowers grew.
And there were birds with silver wings,
And oh, so many pretty things,
I meant to quit my books and play,
To look at them the livelong day!
I woke and saw it all so plain,
And then I fell asleep again.
And while I slept till broad daylight
Somebody stole my house outright!
Do you know who? 'Tis my belief
The Sun was just that cruel thief,
For when I tried my house to find,
I caught him staring through the blind.

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One! Two! Three! Boost!

The "Canadian Pictorial" has just been Appointed the Exclusive Official Souvenir Carnival Number.

All the winter frolics and graces of our loved 'Lady of the Sunshine' will fill this souvenir from cover to cover.
The Canadian winter will be pictured and sketched in laughing mood, and the advantages of the Canadian climate, summer and winter, will be ably set forth. This souvenir will be a credit to Canada at home and abroad.
Get on the Mailing List at once, and you will secure this splendid Carnival Number without extra charge, as it will be sent to ALL REGULAR SUBSCRIBERS regardless of the advance price at which it will sell to the general public. One Dollar a year. The PICTORIAL PUBLISHING CO., 143 St. Peter street, Montreal.
See Clubbing Offers on Page 15 of this paper, or use the Coupon on Page 9.

Better leave your Orders at once at your News Dealers, or

The Pictorial Publishing Co., 143 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

N.B.—Boys will find that many people who might not buy the ordinary issue will want this Carnival Number sure. They can make lots of money selling it. Write for full particulars.

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For further particulars see elsewhere in this issue.

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THE NEW 'WITNESS' SERIAL.

THE 'LONG ROAD.'

A prettier picture was never drawn than that of the child Katenka as she smiles from her sheltered home on the fired, hungry little 'mud boy,' clinging with half frozen fingers to his mother's skirts on the long march to Siberia, but it is no prettier than the picture of the love that came later, when the 'mud boy' had grown into the strong prosperous youth, and if a true picture of Russian life must needs have black shadows, they serve to throw into brighter relief the sunshine of love and strong family affection. John Oxenham has used strong colors to produce vivid effects in his story of the 'Long Road,' and our readers will find they do not want to miss a single chapter.

A man's story? Yes, and a story for manly boys, too, if fights with wolves and with men worse than wolves, long perilous journeys, hairbreadth escapes and a true picture of a land where true men must struggle for freedom is of interest to them.

A woman's story? Yes, and a story for womanly girls if merry child life, and maiden love and mother love and the love and hate of strong men have not lost the charm and interest they have ever had. 'The Long Road,' by John Oxenham, will start in the 'Witness' the third week in February. Watch for it. Tell your friends about it! Show them our special offer adjoining this.

MAIL BAG.

A WORD FROM AFAR.

Chinese Y. M. C. A.,
Shanghai, China.

Dear Sir,—Please extend my subscription to 'Weekly Witness' and 'World Wide' and 'Canadian Pictorial.' I have been a subscriber for 'World Wide' since coming to China. Have also been in receipt of the 'Canadian Pictorial' from the first. Next to home letters there is nothing more welcome in the home mails than your excellent publications.—Wishing you continued success, Yours most sincerely, (REV. DR.) W. E. TAYLOR, M.A.

Mission City, B.C.

Dear Sir,—My last week's copy of 'World Wide' did not turn up. Could you let me have another copy, for I hate to lose the best meal of the week.—HARRY C. POOL.

THE CARNIVAL NUMBER

Of course every Canadian wants one—and every Canadian by birth or adoption wants to send one to friends in other countries, just to show them what a splendidly invigorating winter climate this Dominion of ours has—and is proud of.

THE CARNIVAL NUMBER OF THE "CANADIAN PICTORIAL"

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..HOUSEHOLD..

Family Antagonisms.

(By Caroline Benedict Burrell, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World.')

(Concluded.)

In cases such as these, unless a moral issue is in question, after remonstrances have failed and time has been permitted to bring the sober second thought to headstrong young spirits, but one course is open to the parents—to yield with all the grace they may. They may be mistaken in their fears for their child, or perhaps a blunder he makes now may be a lesson for life, a blessing in disguise. At any rate the time has come for the individuality of the child to be respected and better almost anything than bitterness and alienation. Let the boy or girl go out from home without reproaches and feeling that nothing can ever alter the love of the parent.

It would seem as though when a young woman has settled down at last under her father's roof, presumably for life, there could be no further danger of antagonism, yet the deepest and most painful troubles often begin at this point. She has nothing to do—no one needs her! Her mother prefers to retain the housekeeping; she is tired of study and music; society does not claim her; she is a fifth wheel. So she broods until she grows morbid and bitter, and instead of being a blessing in the home she is a source of misery.

The cure is so simple that one would think it obvious, except that the state of things persists. All that is needed is congenial employment somewhere, preferably at a distance. Even though her mother has looked forward all the years to her daughter's companionship, and the father disapproves of women earning their own living, she still should go, and her mother should make the way plain for her. There is work for her somewhere, with pay or without; in a settlement, or in travel or in some sort of situation. She will see her home from a new standpoint once she is free from the bonds that chafed, and the day will come when she will return to it a sweeter and nobler woman, with love, not antagonism for all.

With affection and good sense it is seldom that family difficulties continue into middle life. When the strenuous age is outlived things generally settle down. Angles are softened all around; parental strictness is a thing of the past; little by little the whole circle meets on common ground. And yet sometimes this happy day never comes. The opposing mental and physical differences are too deep to be obliterated. The hard reserve bequeathed to one from some unlovely ancestor, and the morbidness that descends to another are never to be overcome. The son or daughter strikes F sharp and the parent F natural, and there is discord. Some families go down to their graves speaking different languages, and no amount of kindness on both sides can make them understand one another.

In such cases, unhappily not rare, no way is open but to accept the limitations and make the best of them. Tears and prayers only exasperate; reproaches only harden, since misfortune, not fault, is at the bottom of the difficulty. But a strong fight against permanent alienation can be tacitly decided on and philosophy, humor and a determined looking toward the brighter side of things may all be brought to bear on the problem. Above all—and this point is usually overlooked—it must be recognized that, underneath all coldness of manner and peculiarities, love really lies hidden, warm and glowing. There may be discord, indeed, but perhaps it is not so much that as a suspended harmony, and surely in some other world will come the blending into a perfect chord of those tones which seem now only to jar.

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Religious News.

The October issue of 'The East and the West' contains an extremely interesting article, by Dr. Lavington Hart, on the present opportunity in China. 'It is needless to insist,' he writes, 'on the opportunity herein presented to the Christian educators of the West. Never before in the history of the world has there existed such a body of students. Their all but countless numbers stagger the imagination; the certainty of their overwhelming influence on the future of their own country, and, indeed, of the world, appeals strongly even to conservative stayers at home. One who has lived in their midst is struck chiefly by the unexpected readiness they have shown to bury past ideals and accept the new régime, as well as by the pathetic eagerness and patience with which they take in the new learning.'

No less an authority than Jacob Riis declares:

We in New York let our city grow up as it could, not as it should, and we woke up to find ourselves in the grasp of the slum, to find the population of 2,000,000 souls living in an environment in which all the influences made for unrighteousness and for the corruption of youth. We counted thousands of dark rooms in our basements in which no plant could grow, but in which boys and girls were left to grow into men and women, to take over, by and by, the duties and responsibilities of citizenship. That was our sin and we paid dearly for it, paid in a tuberculosis mortality of 10,000 deaths a year, half of which were due directly to the dark and airless bedrooms; paid in an indifferent citizenship that was a dead weight upon all efforts for reform for years. You could not appeal to it, for it had lost hope, and we have paid for it in treasure without end. It is a costly thing to forget your neighbors.

Some one has said that the great foes of missions are prejudice and indifference, and that ignorance is the mother of both. A returned missionary, a man of conservative judgment and extended missionary experience, a man who knew the conditions in the home Church as well as upon the foreign field, said: 'I have no hesitation in saying that the greatest single obstacle to the speedy evangelization of the world is to be found in the home Church, in the hearts of individual Christians who are prejudiced or indifferent because of ignorance concerning the missionary movements of the day.' Many other missionaries have made practically the same reply, that the greatest obstacle is not fever in Africa; nor the acquirement of the language in China; it is not the callousness of the Hindu, or the blackness of heathenism; but it is in the hearts of individual Christians.

If you were to take twenty representative Christian laymen of New England not more than one could talk to you intelligently about the great missionary movements of the day; could tell you in what lands the missionary society of his own Church was at work, what are the prospects of success, and what the difficulties, unless he chanced to be a member of a missionary committee.

The Church is failing to do her duty. The hour demands an educational campaign.—S. Earl Taylor.

Premiums! Premiums!!

LEATHER HAND BAG No. 1.—A very serviceable article, in black only; imitation seal—nine inches long—inside pocket, with small coin purse to match. Given for ONE RENEWAL and FOUR NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents.

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Synopsis of Canadian Northwest Land Regulations.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties. — Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent), and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

A Good Night's Rest.

(By Marianne Farningham.)

All senses grown quiet,
All pulses at rest,
Relaxed every effort,
And ended each quest,
Cares left till to-morrow,
All labors postponed,
New calls disregarded,
Even sorrow disowned;
And sleep, like a mother,
Enfolding the form
In a tranquil embrace
From the night till the morn.

So sweetly the darkness
Is filling the room,
So hushed is the world
In beneficent gloom,
That at last nothing matters,
No trouble, nor pain,
And worry is naught
But a foe that is slain.
So the hours pass as minutes,
Until with a sigh
The silence is broken
And daylight is nigh.

The day is for pleasure,
The work-time is best;
But thank God for His blessings
Of slumber and rest;
For hearts that are weary,
And tired eyes that sleep,
Is any endowment
So blessed as sleep?
And death is a sleep,
So at last 'twill be best
To lie down at God's word
For a good night's rest.

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NOTICE.

Application will be made at the next Session of the Legislature of Quebec, respecting the will of the late Margaret Ewing, widow of William Galt, of Montreal, to confirm certain Titles granted thereunder, and to make other provisions in regard thereto.

Montreal, December 28th, 1908.

LIGHTHALL & HARWOOD,
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Suggestions for Study of Scripture.

Use a large print Bible. The Devil will keep you from using any if he can, but if he sees you are bound to have one, will induce you to buy one of those 'nice little ones.' He knows you'll not read such small print much.

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2723.—Misses' and girls' guimpe or slip, with high neck or Dutch round or square neck and tucked or plain sleeves.—This is a model adaptable to China or Surah silk, taffeta silk, net chiffon, lace, Persian lawn, cambric, messaline or linen. Six sizes, 7 to 17 years.

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2717.—Misses' dress, with attached two-piece skirt.—This model is particularly becoming to the girl with a slim figure, and is adaptable to any of the pretty woollens or washable linen, cotton voile, chambry or lawn, with the yoke of lace or embroidery, and the bands of a contrasting material. Three sizes, 13 to 17 years.

2652.—Misses' nine-gored skirt, closing with buttons down left side of front and with an inverted box-plat at the back or in habit style.—This skirt is one of the newest models for thin serge, cheviot, broadcloth or duck, pique or linen, for the coming season. Four sizes, 14 to 17 years.

2741.—Misses' eight-gored plated skirt, closing with buttons down the front.—This is an excellent model for the general knock-about skirt, and one that will develop well in any material from serge to linen. Three sizes, 13 to 17 years.

Always give the size wanted as well as number of the pattern, and mention the name of the design or else cut out the illustration and send with the order. Price of each number 10 cents (stamps or postal note). The following form will prove useful:—

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The Madras effect mesh gives a fineness of appearance, while the strong, well twisted threads ensure a lasting quality. This curtain would be cheap at $1.50. Special Sale price, per pair . . . $1.19

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N.M.910

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